

## KITCHENER AS A PET

ROLE WOULD COME AS SURPRISE TO HIS SUBORDINATES.

Nevertheless, Graphic Picture Has Been Drawn of His Friendship With Two Elderly Ladies—Unique Use of Gift.

Many of the best friends of Lord Kitchener, the great English soldier, administrator and secretary of war, are women, despite the popular belief that he is a grimly uncompromising woman hater. In a recent brief biography of "K. of K." Harold Begbie draws a most winning picture of his friendship with two of his elderly relatives—two dear, diminutive old Scotch ladies who lived in Phillimore gardens, Kensington, by name of the Misses Hutchinson; and Kitchener was no dearer to these charming spinsters than they to him.

"He wrote to them brightly and boyishly by almost every mail. . . . Before he went to Egypt for his advance on Khartum, these dear old ladies presented him with a gold-headed 'swagger' cane; and when the advance was accomplished and the photographer arrived to make a picture of the general and his staff, Kitchener seated himself in the center of the group with this stick held so ostentatiously that the old ladies in Kensington could not fail to recognize it when the photograph appeared in the illustrated papers. He sent them roses from Gordon's grave at Khartum, and coats of the caliph from the Sudan."

Their house was always his goal on his return from distant service, and in it he was like a schoolboy, running up the stairs two at a time, whistling in his bedroom, going and coming as he pleased, and telling them such stories of his campaigns as no one else in London ever heard. They called him Herbert, pronouncing it "Hair-burr" in the broadest Scotch, and would sit on either side of him "studying his bronzed face with their small, smiling, shrewd eyes, teasing him, chaffing him, adoring him, and giving him sound advice."

Later on in his triumphal career their "Hairburr" once wished to make the little old ladies a gift so valuable and unusual that they felt called upon to pause and consider before accepting it. It was a gold casket—one of the many gold caskets presented to "K. of K." by the grateful corporations of provincial cities.

"Do we need it?" propounded the first old lady, pointedly.

"No, we certainly don't need it," reflectively acquiesced her sister.

"What could we do with it?" pursued the first old lady. But the second had had time to think.

"Hum," she suggested contemplatively, "perhaps we could use it as a tea caddy."—Youth's Companion.

## How Far Soldiers Can See.

Some interesting experiments have been made in the German army with the object of discovering at what distance the recognition of one soldier by another is reliable. For soldiers with good eyes it was found that a person seen once before could be recognized at a distance of 80 feet, while an acquaintance could be recognized at a distance of 300 feet, and an intimate friend or relative at a distance of 500 feet.

The various parts of a man's body can be distinguished and any decided movement can be detected by an expert rifleman at a distance of 300 feet. At 1,800 feet, a man appears as a spot on the landscape and cannot usually be seen if he keeps still or if his dress does not contrast with the background. Sailors, hunters and farmers can usually see twice these distances, probably on account of their constant training in making out the nature of distant objects.

## Submarine Treasure.

A boat is now being built to locate submarine treasure. The new submarine consists of a steel sphere, eight feet in diameter and capable of carrying two workmen. It is designed to be lowered into the water from a tender, but is provided with electrically-driven propellers by which it can be moved about in the water as it hangs at the end of the cable. One of its essential features is a set of four electro-magnets, which, when energized by current from the motors within the sphere, serve to hold it securely to the steel hull of a sunken ship. Current for the operation is supplied through a cable running down from the tender. In addition to this equipment it will be provided with electric drills for piercing the side of the ship, and with a powerful searchlight for working purposes and for exploring the bed of the ocean when the exact location of a sunken ship is not known.

## Curious Italian Ambulance.

There is a vast difference between real warfare and dress parade. Under the exigencies of a difficult campaign one must put up with makeshifts improvised from the readiest means at hand. An illustration in point is to be found in a recently taken photograph of a curious ambulance used by the Italians in the fighting in the Alps. This is really a large sled, fitted with two small wheels. The sled runners permit of hauling this ambulance over bare stretches of ground. The sure-footed little donkey is the best means of locomotion for this type of vehicle. An ambulance of ordinary proportions could not be used on many of the narrow roads and pathways of the Italian Alps.—Scientific American



## Grim Humor.

"Seems like you've had an accident here," said the farmer, as he brought his team of fat mules to a halt.

"No," replied the motorist, who was crawling painfully from under his wrecked car. "I've just played a practical joke on my wife."

"How's that?"

"She thinks she's going to a matinee this afternoon in this car."

## Resented.

"What I want to see," said Diogenes, "is an honest man."

"And when you see him, what will you do?"

"I'll simply go my way. A thoroughly honest man generally has positive opinions of his own, and, therefore, is liable not to be very good company."

## His Private Opinion.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jorgson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"

"Of course I do," replied the brutal half of the combine. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman who isn't curious."

## Don't Try.

"Is there any way of stopping these cyclones?" asked the man from the East.

"Oh, no," replied the Westerner; "the best way is to go right along with 'em."

## Delicious Fumes.

"Skimpy Mistress (scenting unaccustomed delights)—Sarah, what is that I smell?"

"Undernourished Maid of All Work—I think it must come in from next door.—Life.

## BLACK AND BLUE.



"How do you like my bang? They're all the style this season."

"It's much more decorative than the bang I saw over Mrs. Jones' eye this morning."

## Knew Her Lesson.

He kissed the maid upon the cheek. And when the deed was done, The Good Book's teaching she obeyed—And turned the other one.

## Putting Down Trouble.

Patience—Father put down a disturbance last night.

Patrice—Really?

"Yes; he ate a Welsh rabbit."

## Cause for Wonder.

Patience—They say he is a self-made man.

Patrice—Isn't it a wonder he didn't give himself a better-looking face?

## Shading.

Belle—And when you went into her room you say she was shading her eyes with her hand?

Boulah—No, only the eyebrows.

## Speaking of War.

Hubb—Did you ever visit any of those ruins in Europe?

Gotham—Well, not since they've had so many, I haven't.

## Limited Experience.

Mistress (to new girl)—We entertain a good deal. Have you had much experience at parties?

Girl—Only as a guest, mum.

## Surmises.

"I wonder what sort of life the people lead who live on Mars."

"Do you suppose that for pets they have moon dogs?"

## Its Reason.

"I see where somebody has invented the Bow-wow cocktail."

"I suppose it is intended to drink in the dog days."

## HIS PROTEGEE NOW HIS WIFE

She Went to School as the Object of His Compassion, but Became His Beloved.

Mrs. Borman was a widow who kept a boarding house in a small western town. Her daughter, Alice, was a scrawny little girl of fourteen. Mrs. Borman had been forced to take her out of school to help with the work; washing dishes and waiting on table.

Jack Forbes, twenty-five, was his widowed mother's only child—wealthy, by the way. Jack had never been strong, so he went West. He came to live at Mrs. Borman's.

He felt sorry for the poor little scrawny girl and offered to send her through school. He sent her away to a private school and paid her bills regularly, in a fatherly way, though he never wrote her or went to see her. With him it was simply an act of compassion.

At twenty-two he ordered her home—to his mother's home, feeling that there she could get some finishing touches socially. Then he intended to make a schoolteacher out of her. In the meantime he had gone into business, made a success of himself, and regained his health at the same time. Work was all he needed, anyway, and to get away from his mother's apron strings.

He was not at home when Alice arrived, but came a few days later, probably out of curiosity. I cannot finish this ideal story by saying that Alice had blossomed out into a wondrous beauty, for she had not. But people say she was dainty and refined, with wonderful hair and eyes and the manner of one high born.

Of course, Jack fell in love with her. She had always been in love with him, I think. Had she been courted by a score of lovers I think he would have been her choice. Well, they are married now and, as the story book says, "they have two beautiful children."

Isn't this a regular story book romance? And the beauty of it is it's true. I know, for I am Alice and Jack Jr., is up on my chair back now, poking his clover blossoms into my hair, and baby Alice is asleep. And they are two such beautiful, wonderful children!—Chicago Tribune.

## Partner's Liability.

A unique question of liability in an automobile accident case was decided by the supreme court of South Dakota in Van Horn vs. Simpson, which held that where defendants were copartners and were riding in an automobile in partnership business, the negligence of the owner and partner in driving the automobile was imputable to the other partner, since as a member of the copartnership the owner and driver was his agent, and both defendants were jointly liable for injuries to a traveler upon the highway. It is pointed out "that these two defendants in the real estate business, and that this auto was then transporting both defendants in the prosecution of such copartnership business; that it was then being used as an instrument for the benefit and within the scope of the partnership business; that Simpson was not a passenger or gratuitous guest of Anderson in said car, but was a party interested in the purpose and business in which such car was then being operated."

## Marked Resemblance.

The allies seem to be taking Constantinople in about the same fashion that we used to spell it, when we were boys and girls, away back in the years of never-mind-what. We had a quaint old crank of a teacher who taught orthography in a most peculiar way. He would make us spell and pronounce a syllable, move to the next, duplicate the previous performance, hop back and bring up the prior syllable, go ahead, back and ahead, and so on to the bitter end, thus: "C-o-n, con; there's your con—stan, stan; there's your stan; there's your con-stant—t-i, ti; there's your ti; there's your con-stant—t-i-no, no; there's your no; there's your ti-no; there's your stan-ti-no; there's your con-stant-i-no—p-le, ple; there's your ple; there's your no-ple; there's your ti-no-ple; there's your stan-ti-no-ple; there's your con-stant-i-no-ple; there's your Constantinople!"—Kansas City Star.

## Blind Man's Advice.

Capt. Francis P. Peirson-Webber became a successful poultry raiser, though sightless. So adept has he become in this vocation that he can tell the weight of an egg to the fraction of an ounce, can determine its freshness, and even what breed of fowl laid it. He is now county adviser in poultry culture to Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, England. He hopes to persuade "everyone" who has the opportunity to keep not less than ten good hens, so as to provide a household economy which shall yield an average of 1,500 eggs yearly, the hens being fed almost entirely on household waste scraps prepared the right way.

## Well-Dressed Farmer.

Apparently the best-dressed farmers in the country live in California. In a questionnaire 566 farmers gave the cost of their clothes. Of these, 116 paid from \$10 to \$15 each for their suits; 143 from \$15 to \$20; 142 from \$20 to \$25; 26 from \$25 to \$40, and three from \$40 to \$60. Two of the three in the last named class were from California, and 12 of the 26 who paid from \$20 to \$40 were also from the same state, the next greatest number from any one state in this class being six from Texas.

## BLOODLESS BUT MOIST BATTLE BETWEEN NURSES AND WOUNDED AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND



WOUNDED AUSTRALIANS AND NURSES IN SNOW FIGHT

Wounded Australian soldiers, brought back to England for recuperation, enjoyed their first snowball fight at a hospital park. They declared war on the nurses, who offered a strong defense, and a big battle developed. The Australians bombarded the nurses as vigorously as they did the Turks, but in this case there were no casualties to record on either side. Snow of course is not a novelty to many Australians, as snowstorms are common in the mountains and other regions of the island continent in June, July and August, the Australian winter.]

## Family Suffocated By Coal Gas Fumes

Lehi Farmer, Wife and Daughter Are Asphyxiated While In Bed

Lehi, Dec. 28.—Joseph Smith, farmer, 28 years of age; his wife, 26, and a daughter, 4 were found dead in their home, three miles north of Lehi, shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. The startling discovery was made by Mrs. Ellen Smith the mother of the young man. Asphyxiation, from gas generated by burning coal, caused the deaths.

The three deaths followed an evening of pleasure. Mrs. Ellen Smith, her son, his wife and the little girl remained up until about 11 o'clock, eating nuts and other delicacies and there was no premonition of the tragedy when all had prepared to retire. Mrs. Ellen Smith went to her room and Smith and his wife and daughter retired to their bedroom, which is a small one and which, because of the cold weather was tightly closed.

As there was no fire in the room occupied by Smith and his wife and daughter, a bucket of glowing coals from a coal fire was taken in and placed at the foot of the bed for the purpose of increasing the temperature.

Owing to the fact that the family had been up unusually late, Mrs. Smith the elder, did not get breakfast as early as usual, and it was after 10 o'clock when she went into the room occupied by her son and family to awaken them. She was horrified to find them dead. Smith was lying on the floor near the bed, and Mrs. Smith and the little girl were in the bed.

The authorities at Lehi were notified and the county physician and sheriff made an examination of the bodies. Their opinion was that death resulted from gases generated by the burning coal and it is not likely that a formal inquest will be held.

Mr. Smith was born in Lehi and is survived by his mother, a brother John Smith of Preston, Idaho; two brothers, Hyrum and James Smith of Lehi, and a sister, Mrs. Claude Hittman of Lehi.

Mrs. Smith was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kemp of Lehi Junction.

## Different Times.

"The girls used to keep me waiting when I drove up in a buggy. I notice they never keep you waiting long when you drive up in a motor car?" "Why is that?" "The girls know how quickly a model gets out of date as well as we do."

## Did All He Could.

"Now," said the nervous old woman to the druggist, "are you sure you have that medicine mixed right?" "No, ma'am," said the conscientious apothecary, "I wouldn't go as far as that, but I've got it mixed the way the doctor ordered it."

## NO DEMAND FOR SUFFRAGE

Peasant Women on the Northern Coast of France Are Acknowledged Rulers of Community.

On the northern coast of France the peasant women are more remarkable than the men, and they are far better educated.

It is they who drag the boats in and out of the little harbors, and who sell the fish in the markets. They are thus brought into contact with the peoples and civilizations of all countries, and no class of women in Europe is so emancipated.

They are strong and robust, and their outdoor life and masculine habits—for they belong to the sea as much as do their menfolk—harden their bodies, at the same time giving them a taste for all masculine pursuits and pleasures.

They rarely quarrel with their husbands; indeed, the latter would force badly did they attempt coercion or ill-treatment in any shape or form, for the women are taller than they are and quite as strong; so the "mere men" of the French coast prefer to keep their skins whole, and treat their wives as "jolly good fellows," which is exactly what they are.

They sing their songs and enjoy their glass of cider with the best of their menfolk.

## GAIN LIVELIHOOD FROM SEA

French Fishermen at Home in All Waters—Have a Brotherhood That Is Worth Emulating.

Besides sailing to the uttermost parts of the earth in pursuit of cod, herring and mackerel, the French do a large trade with the fish in their own waters.

Of these there is a great number, including two sorts of skate, mackerel, soles, turbot, brill, plaice, flounders, bream and oysters.

There are three classes of fisherfolk in northern France. Some of the men have their own boats, and they hire what assistance they require, buy their own nets, find their own bait, etc.; others hire a boat between them and each man gets so much, while the rest goes to the owner, the third class are too poor to do anything but sell their services.

The boats vary in size from five to fifty tons and generally nine men form a crew.

The brotherhood existing among them extends beyond death. The widow of one of their number has a right to send out her nets with the boat to which her husband belonged, and her share of what is caught is scrupulously handed over to her.

## Aid to Sleep.

There are two very simple but effective remedies for that kind of sleeplessness that comes from overwork or nervous exhaustion, says Nurse. One is to have the feet very warm. Put them against a rubber bag filled with hot water. A rubber bag is better than an earthen bottle as it will retain the heat for hours. The second method is much more simple. Discard the pillow, turn over and lie on the stomach with hands clasped under the forehead to lift the head a trifle. This will often send one to sleep.

When you are tired and nervous, a good rubbing all over the body with the lotion here given will be very restful. Lie quietly in bed after the rubbing for half an hour and you will then feel quite equal to taking up the daily tasks again; here is the lotion: Diluted alcohol, six ounces; cologne water, six ounces; tannin, ten grains.

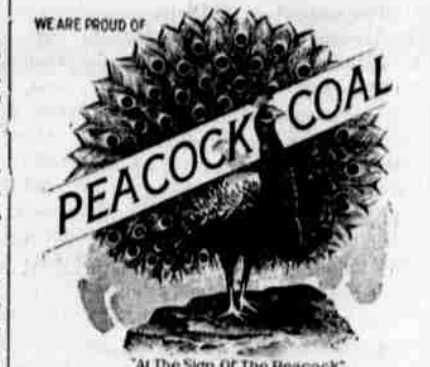
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